The Bystander, December 4, 1918. No. 783. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

INCOG.—MYNHEER NA-POO

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15.
SECOND EDITION of "BOX O' TRICKS!"
Produced by ALBERT DE COURVILLE.
HARRY TATE, Etc. The Hippodrome Beauty Chorus. Gerr. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.20
Programme for week commencing Monday, December 2.
LITTLE TICH, BILLY MERSON, MAX DAREWSKI, TUCKER, FRED BARNES, TALBOT O'FARRELL, NELLIE WALLACE, DAUNTON-SHAW TROUPE, FIVE BOMBAYS, FRANCO PIPER

COLISEUM. (Gerr. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
Serge Diaghileff's Russian Ballet.
WILKIE BARD, W. N. SQUIRE, LILY FAIRNEY and MARIE NOVELLO, ERNEST HASTINGS, RENEE MAYER.

ADELPHI, STRAND. (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY"
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Nellie Briercliffe, C. M. Lowne, W. H. Rawlins, Peter Gawthorne.
Second Year. EVENINGS at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

APOLLO ('Phone: Gerrard 3243.) EVENINGS at 8.
The Successful Musical Comedy, "SOLDIER BOY"
Matinées, Tues., Frids., and Sats., at 2.30 Box Office: 10 to 10.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production, 2ND YEAR.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, AND José Collins.
EVENINGS at 7.45. MATINEES, TUES., THURS., and SAT., at 2
N.B.—Monday, December 9, Gala Night in honour of victory and the 779th performance of "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS," holding the record for the Longest Run at this theatre.

GLOBE (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LOHR.
Every Evening at 7.50. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
NURSE BENSON.
By R. C. CARTON and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.
MARIE LÖHR, FRED KERR, LOTTIE VENNE, DAWSON MILWARD.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032). A WEEK-END.
New Farce by WALTER W. ELLIS
(Author of "A Little Bit of Fluff.")
EVENINGS, at 8. MATINEES, Tues., Fri., Sats., at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. FAIR AND WARMER.
FAY COMPTON, Dorothy Dix, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and DAVID MILLER.
"THE BEST LAUGH IN LONDON."—*Vide* Daily Papers.

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£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

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1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon - Insurance - Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 11th day of December, 1918.

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FOUNDED 1851.
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Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

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HOSTELS FOR MEN ON LEAVE IN LONDON
(Buckingham Palace Hotel and several others),

Hostels for Discharged Men, Clubs, Information Offices, Training Farms, Convalescent Homes, &c., &c., cannot be dispensed with for many months to come.

Please support these efforts for the sake of the men who HAVE WON VICTORY FOR US.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

Sketching in the Army

At the present moment, my Army Pupils number well beyond a thousand. They are distributed over all the Fronts. The bulk are Lieutenants. Two have the Major-General rank. All grades from Private upwards are represented.

The Sketch in this Advertisement is the work of an old Army Pupil—now discharged. Another Pupil—Army too—who sends occasional sketches for my advertisements, comments on my methods thus:—

"I have taken the liberty of including three more Sketches "which I thought would interest you. Your willingness at "all times to help and inspire your pupils, impels them to "recommend, with enthusiasm, the genuineness of your School "and the efficiency of your methods."

Can You Sketch?

Sketching has endless possibilities of utility and pleasure for Soldiers or Civilians, Ladies too. If Drawing interests you, I would like you to send a post-card for my

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They describe my two Postal Drawing Courses. Old Pupils have illustrated them with numerous examples of their work taken from "Punch," "Bystander," and the leading Topical Publications.

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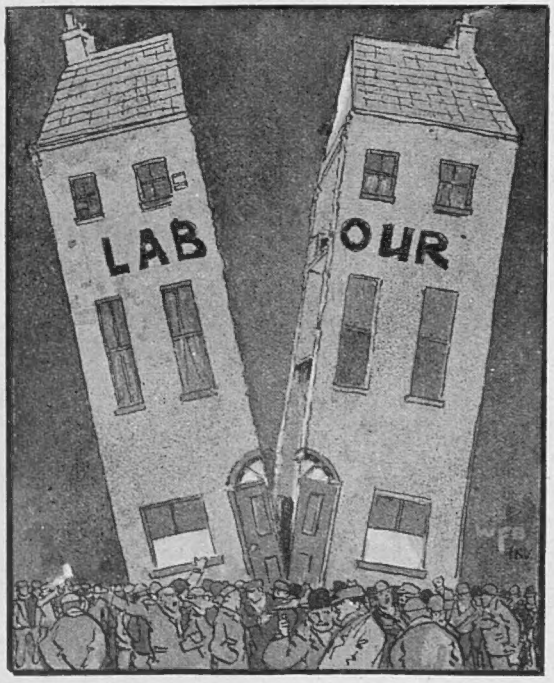
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

More Work for Diogenes

A WRITER to the *Times* has sprung a surprise upon us. He says that what the nation wants is honest men in politics, and he calls for them accordingly. This is rather sudden, it must be admitted; still, we will all do what we can. I know of one honest man, but he does not care for politics, and I am now looking out for someone to explain the process by which an honest man can be turned into a politician. As soon as I get the recipe, I shall be in a position to make a further communication on this interesting topic.

Cheating History

TOMMY is being shorn of his triumphs and the British people are being denied the story of the climax of our great victories. Day after day, the troops of the Allies make solemn entry into the great cities from which, by the valour of our men, the enemy have been driven. These events are intensely moving, and in every way historic, yet they are dismissed with a few lines in the daily Press. Is it too much to crave more space for the successes for which men have died, and fewer columns for the insipid prattle of the politicians, in spite of whom the war was really won?



"A HOUSE DIVIDED . . ."

Mr. President

PRESIDENT WILSON should have his hands full while he is in Europe. He has not only to undertake the mild task of setting the Old World in order for a permanency, but there are, apparently, one or two special jobs, in respect of which his benevolent intervention is invited. Some of the leading cardinals are said to have asked him to perform the simple feat of restoring the temporal power of the Vatican, though this would appear to be a domestic question for Italy alone. Other princes of the Church, no less distinguished, have appealed to Mr. Wilson to secure Home Rule and Hierarchy for Ireland. I have a clear impression, however, that this is a domestic question of our own. It remains only for loyal Belfast to appeal to Mr. Wilson to finish the good work that St. Patrick seems to have left undone in Dublin and Cork, and elsewhere, and the President will at least not have the excuse that time is hanging heavily on his hands.

Imperial Education

IT is interesting at the moment to recall the fact that when Dr. Wilson was elected to the Presidency the Kaiser scornfully protested to Mr. Gerard that the United States ought not to have chosen a mere professor for such an important office. Well, part of the work of a professor is to teach; and the Kaiser may now be willing to admit that President Wilson has taught him a good deal.

A Gamble at Long Odds

FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS a year at the risk of losing £150. This is the election gamble. If any candidate fails to poll one-eighth of those who vote, he loses this £150 deposit. Small wonder that there is a rush of sporting contestants and a swirl of cross-currents in every constituency. Some—perhaps many—of the results will be sensational. Meantime, apart from the candidates and the leader-writers, very few seem to care a toss what happens. The electors themselves are blissfully apathetic.

Popular Peace Conditions

THE one thing the people demand is that Germany should be made to pay. Also they call for the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. They do not believe in a victory that does not involve their surrender, and they will not feel really safe as long as those arch peace-breakers are at large. The German mercantile marine is another matter on which leading politicians have been silent. Its menace to our trade is far better realised by the masses than they probably have any idea of.

DORA

WHEN is someone going to give this nasty young person a push and get her moving. Does anyone realise that DORA herself is simply the incarnation of officialdom? She fully shares their tenacity to cling to the well-paid job. There must be quite a number of the irritating restrictions and regulations from which, without any injury to the

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

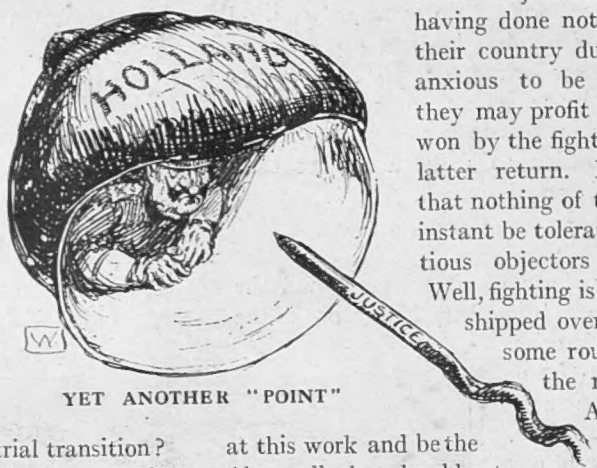
State or anyone in it, we might be freed. Why not? Let me tell you why. DORA has an immense retinue.

A Minister for Dismissal

I AM told that every one of the newly-created Departments has made up its mind that it must really be the last to go. They must not be allowed to be the judges of their own destiny. Unless someone, and quite a stern someone, wholly unconnected with any of them, is put over all of them, there will be no one to close the doors. The Ministry of Information shut down with commendable promptitude, but the National Service establishment is still in full blast. Then, of course, there is the Ministry of Munitions. Really, we must have our Minister of Dismissal before a great wad of the population qualifies for pensions.

Who Goes Home?

IT is understood that the Powers that Be are strongly disinclined to release officers for the present. Is it realised how essential are many of these gentlemen to the safe and successful accomplishment of the industrial transition? When businesses were taken over for war work, it was, in a number of cases, possible to get on without the young managers and junior directors. Now, however, these gentlemen are urgently called for. Their continued absence is a grave embarrassment which may have really serious national results. If the War Office conferred with the Committee of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, the necessity of immediate action would be manifest.



YET ANOTHER "POINT"

Conchies in Clover

SOME eighty Members of Parliament have petitioned for the immediate release of the conscientious objectors. These persons having done nothing whatever for their country during the war, are anxious to be released, so that they may profit out of the victory won by the fighting men before the latter return. It is to be hoped that nothing of the kind will for an instant be tolerated. The conscientious objectors refused to fight. Well, fighting is over. Let them be shipped overseas at once to do some rough cleaning up, and the rougher the better. And let them be kept at this work and be the very last to return. Above all, they should get a Tommy's pay and not a cent more. Even so, they run no sort of risk. They should certainly not wear a Tommy's uniform. They should realise for their whole lifetime that everyone who has not been with us in this war has been against us.

THE SINGED ONE AT BERNE

TIRPITZ: "Donner und Blitzen: Mein pet 'U'-lambs and mein viskers vos gone!—and I vos gone meinself!"

The Feminine Touch

THE papers have taken some pains to assure us that the reporter who recently secured an interview with the Crown Prince in Holland was a lady. But the interview proclaims this fact for itself. Who but a lady would have noted with such fearful precision that the Prince's green necktie was out of keeping with his blue shirt? The whole interview is permeated with the spirit of the "bargain sale," and a mere man couldn't have done it. I do not want to be accused of fomenting sex war; but it is almost a proverb with us that feminine taste in men's neckties is always a little reckless. Do not our sympathies go out at once to the man who, for diplomatic reasons, wears the neckties his wife chose for him?

Madam, M.P.

BY way of making amends for this graceless comment, I should like to pat the ladies on the back—figuratively speaking, of course—for the successful rush they have made for Parliamentary candidature. The work before the new Parliament—the reconstruction of the home—will call for the best brains of both sexes, and—what is home without a mother? The well-governed home—which is the microcosm of the empire—is essentially woman's sphere. One of the strangest things about the opposition to female suffrage in the Victorian era is that it flourished at a time when the throne itself was occupied with the completest success by a woman.

THE CROSS ROADS

For the Prisoners of War

Photograph *Hoppé*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Who is the President of the Savoy Fair, organised on behalf of the Prisoners of War Fund, which is being opened to-day (December 4) by Princess Patricia, and will be continued to December 7

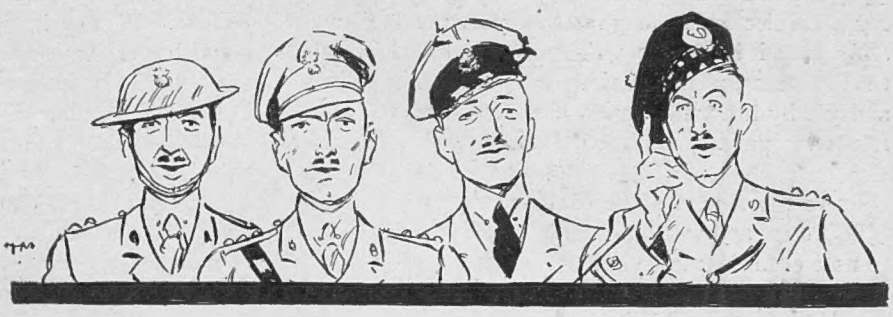
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, December 2, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

FOR all our relief that the horrid thing's over, I'll not be saying, you know, that we don't *miss* the war just a wee bitty. We'd got used to it, you see; one can get used to anything. And all the more used, perhaps, because, after so much peace, war took such a fearful lot of getting used to.



"As much khaki about as ever"

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NOT that here in England now we look, as yet, in the very least like peace—except, of course, in the lighted streets of the City, where at first it's rather the strangeness of the unwarlike illumination than the convenience that strikes one. There is as much khaki about as ever, if not more. And when they've finished taking over the Hun Navy, methinks this old village will also see a healthy influx of bright lads in blue and gold, who've so wonderfully kept the seas for us through these so sad and awful years.

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"JUST finished collecting in the Hun submarines," one writes me. "A fine-looking lot of ships, but the crews looked properly fed-up with life. As for me, I think the most important thing at present, is to get a good spell of leave."

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AND so say, I guess, a good many other war-worn battle-fighters, for whom, however, the end is seemingly by no means yet. Much chat reverberates anent that Army of Occupation that's to help the Rhine towns to remember who 'twas really won the well-known war, and that we're to "occupy" for five years is the very latest.

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WE are wondering whether Armies of Occupation do or do not take around with them into the occupied centres their female fixings and the like. If yes, one foresees some Hun-ess hair flying, eh, what? If no (which is more probable), looks like as if we're in for another grass-widow season—or even several.

"At the Victory Ball"

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APROPOS, rather amusing—and, some people think, just a trifle uncalled for—that the Army of Occupation starts in on its new job of keeping the wily Hun in order under much the same admonishments from its generals as the New Army received from Lord Kitchener when they got busy killing same. But I suppose it's with the idea of early nipping in the bud any tit-for-tat notions that may be hatching in Tommy's brain that he is now admonished, when he crosses the German frontier, "to show the world that British soldiers, unlike those of Germany, do not wage war against women and children and against the old and weak."

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AND the natural passion for booty, or loot, which is apparently inherent in the valiant hearts of the conquering sons of Mars, is also timely squashed. "The Allied Governments," runs an Order to the Rhine Army, "have guaranteed that private property will be respected by the Army of Occupation . . ." In simplified civilian language it all means, I suppose, don't hurt the Hun! Or, in Biblical lingo, return good for evil.

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BUT when I remember just *how* many soldier-men have told me that there's only *one* way properly to end the war and pay back some very, very heavy scores, and that's to let the British Army loose into Hunland for, say, only a week,

no questions asked and no bulletins issued. . . . Well, one can only say it's a mercy we're such a law-abiding, order-taking, easily-coerced people! Otherwise . . .

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REMINDS me, guess we'll really realise about the war being over this week, if we haven't before. A general election's enough to take your mind off *anything*, isn't it? And as we're not to know the result till Christmas, plenty of time fairly to soak in politics and get by heart the varied aims and merits of the respective parties, Coalition, Labour, and Socialist.

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AS to the newest phase of this new election, women voters and women candidates, it's awfully funny to note even the most virulent "antis" fairly rushing to vote—a proceeding they used to proclaim from the housetops would "unsex" us for ever! And do lots of other awful things—not worth remembering.

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AND as to their putting up to sit in the sacred old House of Commons itself—well, as the most prominent "anti" of all is one of the few women candidates for election, one can only conclude that, as antis anyway, women no longer "see" themselves, the cult being out of fashion.

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AS to the masculine view of the matter, most, of course, are sensible, but there still remain, even after four and a half years of war, some funny old pre-historic wash-outs. One has just written me thusly: "In your delightful letter of last week, Blanche, talking about women in the House, you ask: 'Isn't what's sauce for the gander sauce for the goose, too?'

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"THE answer, dear lady, is quite certainly in the negative. As the girls (bless 'em!) could not share our war sauce—the real front-line *sauce piquante*—so we think it is a pity that they (especially the toppers like you, Blanche) should want to share our peace sauce, and dirty their dainty fingers with official ink, and spoil their complexions in the stuffy atmosphere of the House. We have fought for our English homes. Do you really think that woman's place is *not* the home, Blanche, dear? Yours devotedly, Sailor-and-Soldier-too."

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DON'T think I'd better tell George what I really think, do you? That sort of priceless old also-ran never listens, anyway, and besides, you can't talk to people who are still early Victorian of the worst, can you? Let me only say that if the Sailor-and-Soldier-too will only provide, gratis, a nice, snug home for every woman, she'll make it her "place" all right, if she's a hundred times an M.P., with votes in billions. Woman knows, none better, which side her bread is buttered. The only trouble is—quite horridly often there's no one to provide the butter! And now more than ever, seeing how fast they are returning to civilian life—our poor disabled men, for whom women will have to make homes as well as keep a "place" in them.

"She'll make it her 'place' all right"

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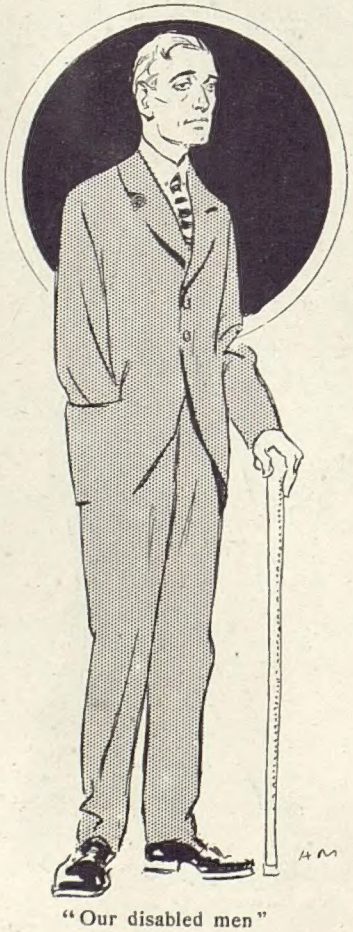
BY the way, this tribute from a returned and sorely wounded warrior to those women who have left the shelter of their homes to help with the war, is, perhaps, worth quoting after my Soldier-and-Sailor-too's diatribe.



"Our disabled men"

"I wish," he says, "you'd say in your letter, Blanche, how we somewhat war-worn and weary ones appreciate all the comfort and kindness, all the thousands of little things that are done for us when we come home by our splendidly courageous, womanly women. After these four dreadful years—oh, the contrast, the comfort, the exquisite cleanliness! . . . Are you not proud and happy to be an English woman, Blanche?" I am—even with a vote!

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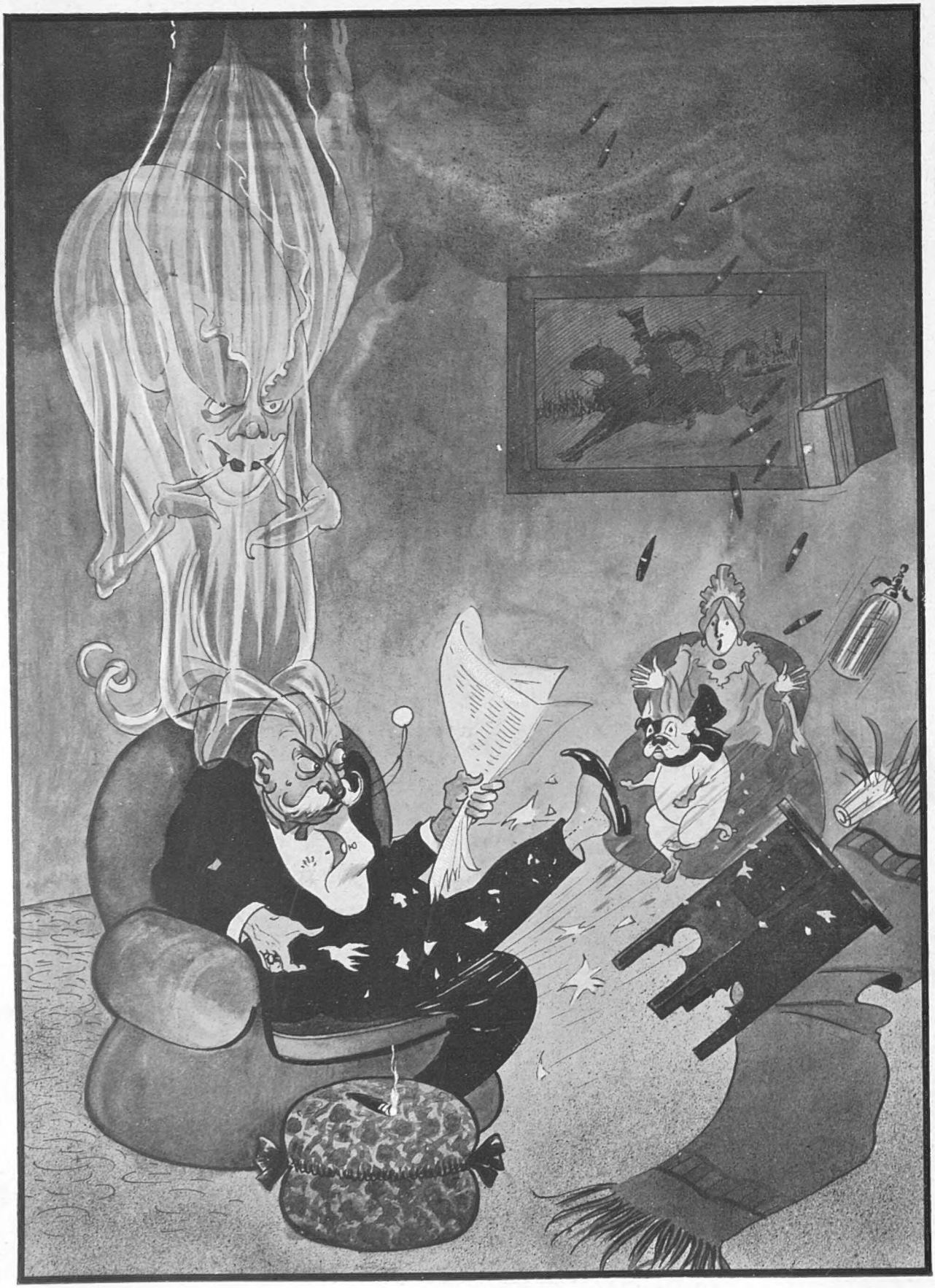
LONDON is very gay, and, beginning with the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall, last week, there are a myriad happenings—social, charitable, political. You'd never think we'd just come out of a war that's cost us eight millions a day for four years, *or* mourned a million men. A wonderful people, 'strewth! And are going to be even wonderfuller, it seems, if only we can carry through even a few jots and tittles of Mr. Lloyd George's marvellous election schemes, "lifting the old land up to such a level that it will be nearer the sunshine than ever before."

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

COMPLETE SURRENDER

Microbe Portraiture



THE PASSION MICROBE

Multiplies rapidly in the blood of disgruntled profiteers

The Gallant Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

"I would effectually block the entrance to his tent while he slept the sleep of the unjust within"

V.

Aloof, retiring, and austere
With Adjutant and Brigadier.

No Subaltern is a hero to his batman. Majors may marvel and Adjutant applaud, but from the batman no secrets ar hid.

You may bluff the Brigadier, but you can't bluff the batman.

He knows!

My new master, it is only fair to say, had no desire to impress anyone—least of all the Brigadier. The ingenuity he displayed in avoiding that excellent man was remarkable.

When red hats appeared above the hedgerows, he would simply fade away, like the old soldier of the song.

His attitude towards anyone above the rank of company officer was shy and retiring to a degree. He had been with us a month before he met the Colonel face to face, and even then the interview was not of his seeking.

Modesty such as his was bound to be misunderstood. A natural aversion to the limelight prompted him to absent himself from rouse parade once too often, and his explanation—that he was saying his prayers at the time—failed to placate his company commander—a Freethinker of the old school.

Personally, I must admit, I grew to like the lad. On hot afternoons I would effectually block the entrance to his tent while he slept the sleep of the unjust within. I gave up many precious parade hours to instruct him in the sister arts of piquet and double dummy bridge. I became to him more of a brother than a batman And what was my reward?

You shall hear.

He received, one morning, an urgent summons to the bedside of an asthmatic aunt, whose life was despaired of. The telegram—which cost me no little time and trouble to concoct—took him to town on the first train, and Higgins was polishing his Sam Browne at a ridiculous hour.

. . . . . .

He was away a week.

On his return he drew me mysteriously aside. "Bennet, old thing," he gurgled, "I've had the perfectest rag of a time."

"And how is the old lady?" I asked. "You didn't tire her, I hope."

His reply, which concerned old ladies in general rather than one old lady in particular, was quite irrelevant.

"It was a photograph—an excellent photograph—of Maggie"

"All rotting apart, though," he went on, "what do you think of this as a mascot. Look well over the mantelpiece, what?"

It was a photograph—an excellent photograph—of Maggie.

"I was wondering," said I.

I gazed in silence at this trophy of the chase.

"What are you looking so jolly solemn about?" he asked. "Isn't it a trimmer?"

"It is," I replied, "but it doesn't do her justice."

And, once again, my heart broke.

And little comfort 'tis to know
You struck yourself a cruel blow.

I could have played quite cheerfully the part of batman for the duration without suffering the nearest approach to nervous breakdown, but this episode placed me in an awkward predicament.

"The General seized a private by the second tunic-button from the top, 'And what is your name?' he asked"

True, I had not promised to be faithful to Maggie, but Maggie had promised to be faithful to me.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that my hand had struck myself this cruel blow, for had I not drafted the telegram which took the young pup to London, and had I not written the application for leave which jolted the Brigade into immediate action?

"My honour, rooted in dishonour, stood,
And Faith, unfaithful, made me falsely true,"

Or words to that effect.

I would not "bat" for the young devil a minute longer. I declared my innings closed—

And was returned to duty with my company.

The Brigadier, he comes to me,
"And what's your name!" he sez, sez he.

Two days later, the battalion was inspected by the Brigadier.

The wind was well up. It roared down the lines and whistled through the company offices. The incinerator had a new coat of whitewash and the M.O. coaxed the grease-traps into doing their damnedest.

We were paraded three-quarters of an hour before the scheduled time and the General was thirty-five minutes late.

Work it out for yourselves.

Having been disentangled from his stirrup leathers, the great man proceeded in accordance with his usual programme.

Strolling along the ranks, he halted suddenly, with the result that the Colonel cannoned into the Brigade-Major, who in turn ricochetted off the Adjutant into the Platoon Commander.

The General seized a private by the second tunic button from the top, "And what is your name?" he asked.

The wretched fellow was too overcome to reply. His mouth twitched convulsively. He exhibited all the preliminaries to a healthy fit of the correct Conduit Street pattern. But no words came.

"Ah!" said the General, "he doesn't know his own name. You, sir," turning to the Platoon Commander, "what is his name, sir?"

But the Platoon Commander, being very young and inexperienced, had neither the knowledge to impart nor the wit to invent.

The General was delighted. "Here," said he, turning to the Brigade-Major, "is a poor fellow who doesn't know his name. Nobody knows his name. Probably he hasn't got a name. Can nobody tell me the name of this unfortunate man?"

A solemn hush fell upon the battalion. From out a sky of turquoise blue the summer sun blazed pitilessly down. The Platoon Commander would have forfeited a month's seniority to have been safely back in the front line. The General waited.

And then, in the rear rank, a hand was raised.

"Now," said the General, "we shall probably learn something. Tell us, my man, what is the soldier's name!"

"'Appy 'Awkins, sir," was the reply, and a wave of thankfulness swept the battalion, even as the mild south wind sways the golden ears of ripening corn.

The inspection was over, and the war was as good as won.

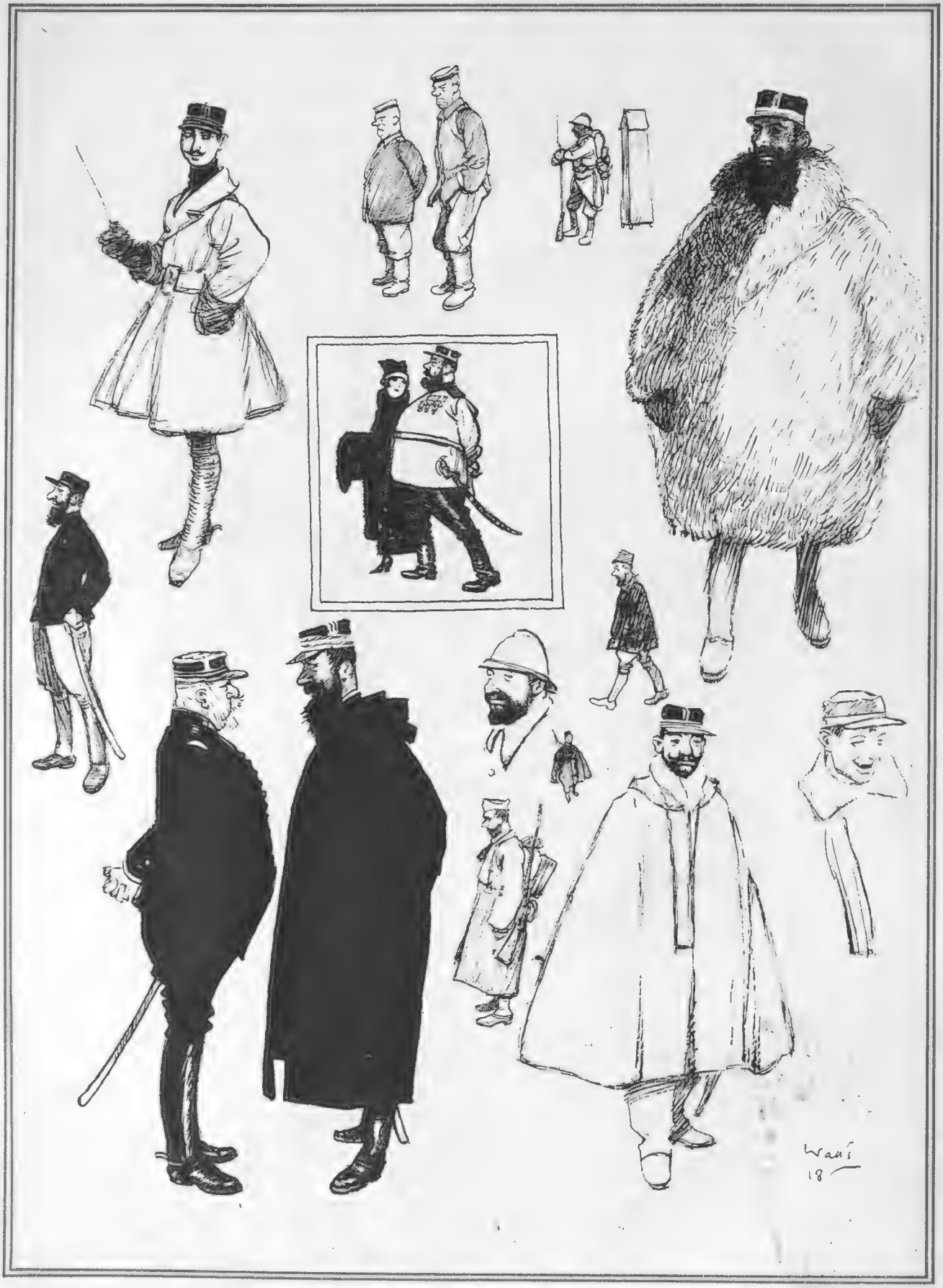
(To be continued next week)

Futurist Fiction

Of course, there is no doubt the war will affect romantic fiction. Extract from a 1944 magazine story: "Raising her gas-mask, he raided her mud-stained, crater-like mouth with a barrage of kisses"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"All the Winners"



TYPES IN A GARRISON TOWN IN FRANCE

"I have sung 'Madelon'"

The Bystander in Paris

"APRÈS LA GUERRE." Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WE begin again to recover ourselves, but it is still that one must say every morning, "the war is finished," so that one can believe and begin properly the day. There was yesterday, for example, that I have been very happy, because I have remembered at once when I have wakened that the fighting was quite finished and I have sung "Madelon" so loud that Lucille has said: "But quietly, Agnès, quietly."

THEN she has remembered that one could again be gay without to be reproached and so we have practised all the morning to play our piano four hands, which we have not done since the war has begun. But when I have wanted to play the "Tannhäuser" of Wagner Lucile has said no, it was too soon to do that, it was too much Boche.

THERE was so much fun the first two days of the armistice, I have read how in London everyone was quite wild with the excitement and the joy, and in Paris it was a delirium. You know I do not think that we have quite believed that the war was finished. It did not seem that it could be so, but M. Clemenceau had said that after our four years of silence we could again make a noise, and it was so that we have done.

ALL the afternoon and evening everyone was in the boulevards. I have seen so funny things. There was one of your soldiers in the rue de la Paix, and I think he must have been once a policeman in London, because he has stood at the corner to direct the motor-cars with his finger. Perhaps he had had a good glass of wine, because he did everything so solemn, and he looked so severe when the *cochers* have called him bad names. But he has made them do what he has wished till three of the *midinettes* have made him their prisoner, and taken him away.

THERE were some Montmartois who have made a procession like the *Mardi gras* before the war, and have carried a figure of the Kaiser made of pillows hanging from a *gibet*. One could imagine how very soon they will all come again, the fêtes of *Montmartre* and the so *fantastique* humour of the *quartier*.

AT evening we are still not accustomed that all the lamps should be lit and the streets quite light. It has seemed the first day that it was something special for the fête, and to have the boulevards always at night as light as in the day seems a little as if one should leave the *persiennes* open when one has lit the electric light and let everyone see into one's room.

BUT it was the gay lights which have made our fête the second day of the armistice. One could do anything without the fear to fall over a *poubelle* or to hit the head against a lamp-post.

OUR *poilus* who were on *permission* have made a raid to capture the Boche guns in the Place de la Concorde. Already the boys of the Lycées had taken away very many *mitrailleuses* and the little mortars for their processions, but in the evening it was the great big guns which had been captured and dragged to the boulevards.

"Maman! What is it, the Peace?"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

At first the *agents* have tried to prevent that the guns should be carried away, but a *poilu* has gone to one and has said quite quietly: "We are of the *Armée* Mangin, *voyons*, and it was we of the *Armée* Mangin who have captured those guns from the Boche. Now we go to enjoy ourselves with them. It is not Clemenceau who would say no."

Then the *agents*, who have a great deal of tact, went away to a café on the *rive gauche* to make their own celebration, and the *poilus* put all their *marraines* and sweethearts on the guns and pulled them at the gallop through the streets. Even when they ran they have made their chant: "*Le canon! Le canon!*" which they say deep in three syllables altogether, with the same accent like the beating of a drum, and make so fierce a song.

But of every one it was the Americans who have made the most noise. I think they must have the very good nerves, the Americans, because they enjoy so much to make a scream with the sirens of their automobiles just behind one's back and to have explosions. For them it must be a great sadness that the war is finished before that they have had much occasion to enjoy the noise at the front.

Our brother Frédéric has written how it is at the front that it is the silence which is most strange. After four years, he has said, one has not the habit to sleep in so much stillness, and to go to bed every night without fear to be wakened and to hear while one sleeps always the guns and the shells. For him, he does not now sleep at all, because it is too quiet.

And you know, my friends, for us it is so much change that one does not quite understand. We are like the *bébé* of five years, who has asked to its *Maman*: "What is it the Peace?" The war has been all the time so near and the life has been so difficult that we have a little forgotten how to amuse ourselves. One does not easily imagine that very soon we will be able to go to England in one day and to take the train to Brussels to visit *les braves Belges*.

". . . have carried a figure of the Kaiser"

I have thought that in the cafés at the hour of the *apéritif* the old men look quite sad because they have not any longer the war to discuss and to argue. I think that they were always very wrong, but now they have not any more the importance to whisper that they have heard from so good an authority what is the strategy of Marshal Foch, and how he will make a trap for the Boche. Even for me, I have found that I look still every day for the *communiqué* and that the newspapers have become again quite stupid like they were before the war.

". . . till three of the midinettes have made him their prisoner"

Always we have said how much we would do and how we would enjoy ourselves *après la guerre*, but it is difficult yet to begin. Perhaps it is that we have had too much the great sorrows and the great emotions. But when we think of the springtime and next summer when peace is quite completed and all the *armées* are come home—oh, that will be the time, *après la guerre!*

Your friend,

AGNÈS

Wilful Waste Makes the Wicked Want

JACK: "Short o' food are they? Um—well let 'em go an' dig it up out o' Davy Jones's locker!"

"M

TE!"

A "Comedy" Situation

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS AND BARRY BAXTER IN "TAILS UP" AT THE COMEDY

THE HIDDEN HAND

AT THE STRAND

D. LEWIN MANNERING AS 'SIR CHARLES ROSENBAUM'

MICHAEL SHERBROOKE AS 'FRITZ VON SHACHAUSEN'

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS play has now been withdrawn, the public interest in the German spy system having evaporated with the favourable march of events. But in view of our experience of the once "great friendly nation" during the last few years, it is clear that we cannot know too much about the Teutonic ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. I think, therefore, a word upon this production will be useful if only that the moral of it may be carried on the tablets of our memories.

SO the goings-on of Sir Charles Rosenbaum, Bart., M.P., have a peculiar interest of their own. If there is one thing that Sir Charles desires to impress upon everybody it is that he is British. So much so, that he does not like his German-sounding name, and is changing it to the fine old Scottish one of Rathspey. It is true that he is German-born, but, as he says, when you come to think of British liberty and what it means, how can you hesitate for a moment between the land of your birth and the country of your adoption? Therefore, Sir Charles is for the British Empire all the time.

THERE is a sincerity about his protests that is almost convincing until you find him talking confidentially to his private secretary, a man with the not very British name of Schaffhausen. Sir Charles is one of the directors of a shipyard on the Clyde, and he hears with sorrow that a strike is contemplated by the workers there. The only thing that keeps the men from downing tools is lack of funds to support them in idleness. That is a rather good thing in its way, because a strike in the shipyards during war-time would be very prejudicial to British interests. Schaffhausen agrees and smiles significantly as he does so. It is clear that he has seen Sir Charles's point; and he is not at all surprised when Sir Charles gives him a cheque for a thousand pounds, and instructs him to turn it into currency and then hand it over to the men for their expenses in organising the strike. From that moment it is clear that Sir Charles is working in the interest of the King's enemies. The German spy system is so elaborate that it embraces men in high places like himself who, even after taking various oaths of loyalty to King and Empire, regard such a solemn proceeding as only a means to an end. Once a German always a German!

KENNETH KENT AS 'LIEUTENANT STEPHEN ENGLISH R.N.'

A FINE breezy character is that of the Rev. Christian S. George, D.S.O., C.F. The padre is home wounded from "out there," and he has seen a lot of things he would prefer to forget; but some of them he feels bound to talk about; and he prefaces his words with the remark that he is sometimes inclined to say in all sincerity, "Damn the Navy!" So many

nice things have been said about the Navy lately that a dissentient voice is rather a novelty. But it seems that the chief fault of the Navy is that it has kept England from knowing anything to speak of about the horrors of war. Consequently, English people, far removed from the great agony and accustomed to sleep soundly in their beds, have too often had a difficulty in realising what the war means. Whereas, if the Navy had only relaxed its vigilance for a while and allowed England to experience the wholesome and helpful terror of a German invasion, it might have been a very good thing for us all.

THAT is how the padre talks to the strikers on the Clyde who come to the directors to air their petty differences while the world is being born anew out yonder in grief and anguish. When the men get indignantly eloquent about that overdue eighteenpence, or some trivial privilege of that sort, the padre tells them what it is that the Navy has saved them from. The story is only a repetition of the usual narrative of the dismal savagery of the Germans in "conquered" districts, but it is most impressive, especially when the padre points out that but for the grace of the British Navy all those unholy things had happened on the Clyde. It is all the argument

that is needed to send the workers back to their jobs; and Sir Charles does not appear to have any prospect of getting any change out of his four-figure cheque.

THEN there is Lieut. Stephen English, R.N., a young man who is a fine sailor but only a poor financier. He is, in fact, in the hands of the moneylenders. This offers a nice tribute to his credit but a poor outlook for his future. To make matters worse he has fallen in love with Sir Charles's daughter. It is, of course, a genuine love affair, but it has the added advantage of concerning a lady who will at least be able to supply the housekeeping money later on. Stephen is, however, only concerned with the present. The moneylenders are after him, and if they get him in their grip his naval career is ended. So the subtle Sir Charles finds the young man an easy prey. Stephen's debts shall be paid if he will just let Sir Charles have a list of the forthcoming sailings from the Clyde. After all, it is information that a shipbuilder may be presumed to be entitled to seek; but it will be no less an offence on Stephen's part if he agrees to the nefarious proposition.

STEPHEN may have an indifferent idea of the value of money, but when it comes to naval slimness he appears to be the man for the job. He supplies the list as per contract; and the information is duly passed on by Sir Charles to the U-boat department of the German Navy. It is hoped that the official list of sinkings for that week will be something quite extraordinary; and Sir Charles pictures the All-Highest sitting in his armchair at Potsdam with tears of gratitude in his eyes for this

A SERMON BY 'CAPT THE REV. CHRISTIAN ST GEORGE, DSO, C.F.'

faithful service rendered. It is not till later that we learn that Stephen has taken the Admiralty into his confidence, and has thus been able to supply Sir Charles with a list of sailings which has about the same value that Germany sets on a scrap of paper. Here, again, Sir Charles doesn't even get a run for his money; and all the time there are a growing number of people who are positively beginning to suspect his loyalty to the British Empire. Himmel!

IN the third act there is the usual landing of a German officer from a submarine. No spy play is complete without this detail. And then we get details of a further plot. Sir Charles affects to be a painter; and under cover of this excuse he has built a large studio with a glass roof. Also he dabbles a little in mechanics, which explains the wireless apparatus that he plays with in his spare time. And one night, when the wireless begins to work furiously, the lights of the studio, contrary to the police regulations, are turned on full. The wireless has given a warning that umpteen airships are approaching, and the brilliant light from the studio roof is to guide them to the best position for bombing the British Fleet into bits.

IT is all very nice and exciting, and is not without out its instructive side as well, since what the Germans have done once they may do again. Personally, if I were running the country I shouldn't let enemy aliens live next door to the shipyards; but I am betraying no confidence in admitting that the government of the Empire is in other hands than mine. JINGLE

THE NEW CLUB

By Barry Pain

ILLUSTRATED BY H.H.HARRIS

IN the Club of Exiled Monarchs, I am credibly advised,
The chapel with heraldic stalls is freely patronised,
But the card-room's mimic war they're far from seorning;
And when they play at poker there, the poker's very hot,
As Ferdie said to Tino, seven aces seem a lot,
But distracting their attention Little Willie takes the pot—
And the Kaiser takes the service every morning.

KAPUTTED kings are sensitive, and that is why, no doubt,
At the Club's first Christmas dinner they will leave the Turkey out,
And tact in conversation's just as well met:
Foxhunting is a topic from which Ferdie's friends refrain,
And if you mention Verdun, giving Little Willie pain,
"I'll name a regiment after you, if you do that again,"
Says the Kaiser in a surplice and a helmet.

AND—if their inclination's—at the closing of the day,
When the Supremest says the grace and Boris clears away—
To music from the charm of extra sec turn,
Their little Willie loves the lute—he proved it in the war—
And Carl plays second fiddle, as he's always done before,
And if a lyre is wanted they can furnish one or more,
With the Kaiser to conduct them from the lectern.

IN the Club of Exiled Monarchs they keep all expenses down,
They have no fixed subscription and the entrance fee's a Crown,
But prospective members need a word of warning;
For since the company you keep must seem to indicate
Your character to other men, it's only fair to state
They haven't got a member yet they'd trust to hand the plate,
When the Kaiser takes the service every morning.

A Different Tune Now

THE AMERICAN CHIEFTAIN AND HIS SQUAW

AMERICA'S WAR LORD (*aside*)
If Austria-Hungary accepts my 14 points my own people must take care so to shut their eyes that they return me at the elections as Peace President

AMERICA
The buffalo cannot be inspired, it can only be driven raving mad

FRANCE'S YOUTH
Your fatherland has demanded much, My dollars call for more."

CHILDISH
German science before the tribunal of the "Kultur bringers"

"DEAR, KIND MR. WILSON, SEND US FOOD"

Right up to the moment of the signing of the armistice the German illustrated Press have been hurling insults at the American President. A few of these pictorial efforts are reproduced above from "Kladderadatsch" and "Simplicissimus"

Thirty Years On

FROM THE PRESS OF 1948

[*A prominent Allied official, on being asked by a contemporary how long he thought the Peace Congress would last, said: "Two years at the very least"; and there are others who think even this an optimistic forecast.*]

THE PREMIER AND PEACE

SETTLEMENT APPRECIABLY NEARER

SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL

THE Lord Mayor's banquet last night coincided with the thirtieth anniversary of the signing of the armistice, and there was a feeling of expectation in the atmosphere when Mr. Balfour rose to propose the toast of "Our Allies." The venerable Foreign Secretary, despite his 102 years, has rarely appeared so happy—we were almost going to say boyish—and has seldom spoken with such lucid skill. It was a toast, he declared, of such magnitude that it might well have been left in younger hands than his, such as those of his young and honourable friend, Mr. Winston Churchill, a mere boy of 74. (Laughter.) He was not, and never had been, one of those who supposed that all our anxieties were over or ever would be, but he hoped the time was not far distant when we could say, and say truthfully, that German militarism was a thing of the past.

PEACE WORK

MARY: "Paid by the hour, Maud?"

MAUD (*busy scraping paint off street lamps*): "No! This is a piece-work job!"

When Mr. Lloyd George, who replied to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," rose, the tense excitement of the audience was almost painful to witness. Year after year they had waited to hear the good news that peace at last was signed. Would the Prime Minister spring a glad surprise on them to-night?

On rising Mr. Lloyd George said that up till the last minute he had hoped to make a very important announcement, and he hated to let his audience down, but if 'twere done when 'twere done then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. (Laughter.) He had no news for them and at this late hour he felt that men of his age were better in bed, and no doubt his audience would be glad if he went there. (Cries of "Go on!") Very well, if they would bear with him for a few minutes and allowed him to speak sitting down he would go on.

PEACE NEARER

Peace, he continued, was appreciably nearer than it was. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) He used the word "appreciably" deliberately. Five years ago he would not have used that word, but to-night he was glad to say that he could do so with a clear conscience. We were nearing the end of the tunnel; we were all very tired of that tunnel. (Hear, hear!) It reminded him of the man on a walking tour who asked a stranger how far it was to so-and-so. "Sixteen miles" was the answer, and the man walked on for several miles and asked the same question again "Sixteen miles" was again the answer. The tourist, who was surely an optimist, if ever there was one, exclaimed: "What, still sixteen miles! Well, thank God, the d—d place isn't gaining on me!" (Laughter.) He (the Prime Minister) was in the position of that tourist. Peace might or might not be far off, but, thank God, the prospect of a final settlement was not gaining on us! (Loud cheers.)

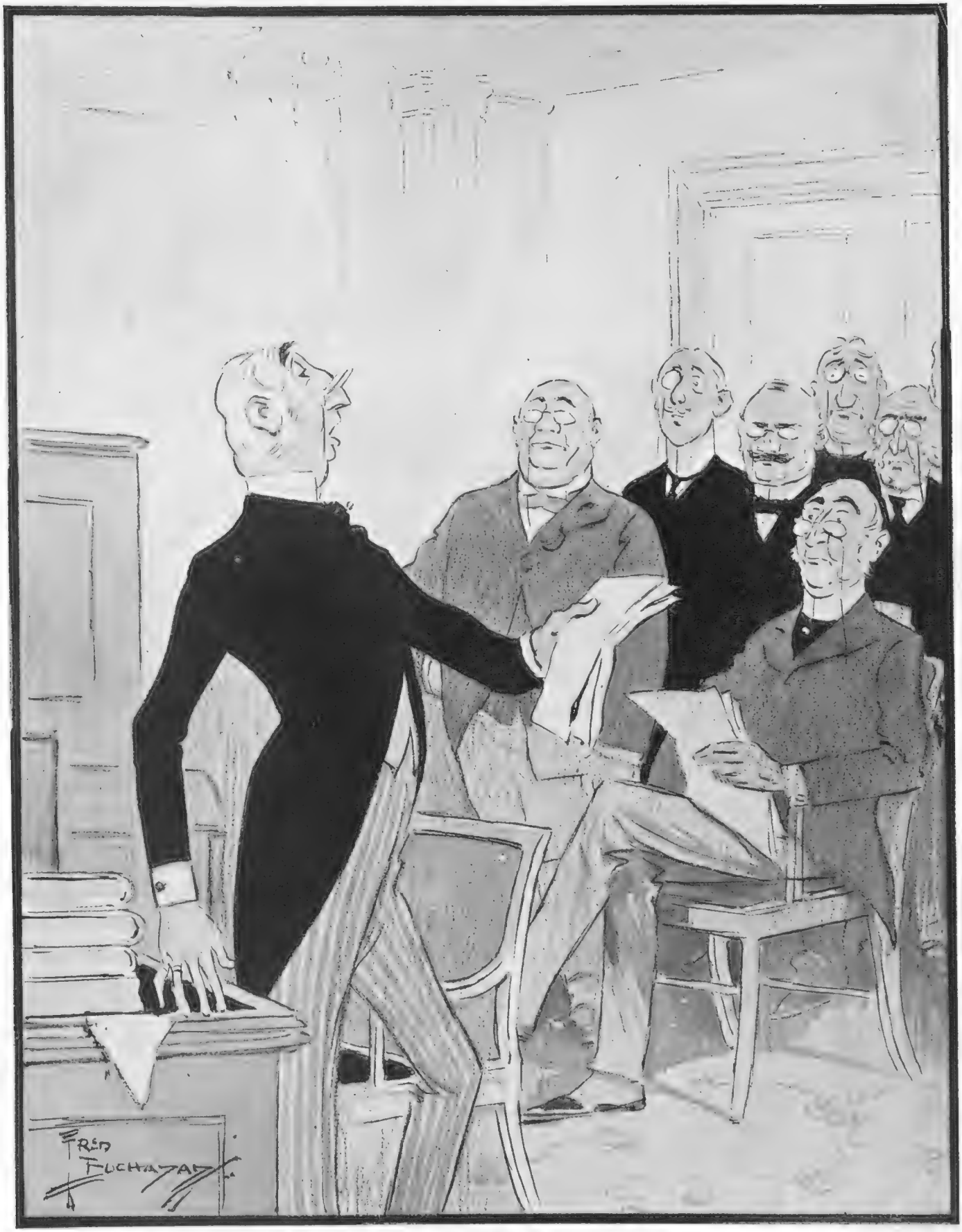
FROM WAR TO PEACE

The transition from a state of war to a state of peace was necessarily slow. However, we were getting on. During the current year the Government had been able to free two more of the hotels commandeered in 1914, making a total of eleven hotels handed back since the signing of the armistice. (Cheers). That was a record to be proud of. But they had done more. The rigours of the Censorship were being gradually relaxed, Only last week the Censor had released for publication a letter of congratulation to Lord Haig of Ypres which he (the Prime Minister) had written in 1921. He was glad of that because there appeared to be some idea that he had never acknowledged the services of our great Field-Marshal. That little matter was now cleared up. (Laughter and cheers.) He would never regret the part he had played in the Great War or the part he was still playing in the Great Peace. Let them be certain of one thing—peace was coming; and he hoped sincerely that not many Lord Mayor's banquets hence, he, personally, would be enjoying the benefits of that Great Peace in that little land among the mountains of the west he loved so well. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) (*A verbatim report of the speeches at the banquet will be found in other columns.*)

[Yes, but not of *this* paper!—Ed.]

W. Hodgson Burnet

Reconstruction



THE FIRST MOVE

FIRST OFFICIAL: Gentlemen, in war time the Navy or the Army were always butting in to keep us busy, but, thank Heaven! peace time is our own. Gentlemen, we will begin with an election

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Reconstruction in Sport

POST-WAR PROSPECTS AND POSSIBILITIES

By CAPTAIN H. S. SCRIVENER

After Victory—Reconstruction

Not so very long ago we were asking each other, "What is to be the end of it all?" Now we are asking, "What is to be the upshot of it all?"—a distinction in which there is also a world of difference. For the end is the victory already gained, and the upshot is the use we shall make of it. And just because the victory has been so hardly won the reaping of its fruits to the best advantage presents in itself a proposition of sufficient toughness. But we are not unused to tough propositions in these days, and since we have trained a good horse in *Victory*, we should be able to make sure that *Reconstruction* is given a chance of upholding the traditions of the stable. Which brings me to my main theme.

Of National Importance

What of the future of Sport? That its revival will take a prominent place in the great scheme of reconstruction upon which we are embarking goes without saying, for whatever changes the war may have wrought in our characters it cannot have wholly banished the love of sport which is inherent in our race. Sport is much more a matter "of national importance" than a good deal of the work which has been so described. But will the revival of Sport prove difficult or easy? For my own part, I firmly believe that it will prove easy, and that sport will be a going concern while many other forms of activity and enterprise are still "awaiting further developments." But there are, of course, "cons" as well as "pros," which, though they cannot alter my conviction, it were foolish to ignore. I am conscious of several; but against each I am prepared to play a "pro" which will win the trick.

Toll for the Brave

First and foremost—The Roll of Honour. Nowhere has the immensity of the great sacrifice been realised more sorrowfully or more proudly than in the world of Sport. We know that in every branch of athletics—using the word in its widest sense—there are gaps which can only be filled by

> The memory of what has been,
> And never more shall be,

because the makers of those memories have given their lives in the achievement of something far greater and more lasting than the athletic prowess which first made them famous.

The Great Incentive

Can we carry on without them? I say emphatically "Yes"; not because we can ever hope to equal or replace them, but because of the example which they have set us of the way things ought to be done. There will be a new generation of sportsmen, of inferior ability perhaps, but full of enthusiasm, and of the desire to walk worthily in the footsteps of those who have gone before.

£ s. d.

Then there is the financial aspect of the situation. I have heard it argued that there will be no sport for a long time after the war because there will be no money to spare for its exploitation. I am prepared to accept this proposition strictly at its face valuation and with the reservation that sport only becomes really expensive when you choose to make it so. We know, for instance, that it costs a lot of money to run a county cricket team, a crack racing yacht, a tip-top "Rugger" side, an international polo team, or a first-class lawn tennis tournament; but I refuse to admit that cricket, yachting, football, polo, and lawn tennis (which I have only chosen at random as representative units in a vast army of athletics) are going to be put off by the fact that they cannot, for the time being, express themselves in the most elaborate and

FOOTBALL
Lt.-Col. E. R. Mobbs (Leicester and England), killed in action

FOOTBALL
R. W. Poulton-Palmer (Oxford and England), killed in action

GOLF
Capt. John Graham, the famous amateur golfer, killed at Ypres

LOST TO SPORT
Famous Sportsmen killed in the War

"RECONSTRUCTION IN SPORT" (*concluded*)

most spectacular form. I think that post-war Sport will differ from pre-war Sport. It will be based on good fellowship rather than on limelight, and it will be provocative of a lot of genuine fun, wholly irrespective of the skill, or lack of skill, of those who participate in it.

Resurgam!

Nor need we feel much perturbed by the fact that Sport has been hit as hard by the war as anything—a good deal harder than most things. Sport practically dried up as soon as the war got going, because the majority of its representatives who mattered (without bothering very much about their ages or their categories) got going too. Sport, in other words, dried up only because its people were very much wanted elsewhere, and it will revive quite as rapidly as soon as its people are no longer wanted. Many of them will not come back, but those who are left will come back, and will bring with them a whole crowd of recruits from the navies and armies of Great Britain and her colonies, who, perhaps, before the war, had no liking or desire for sport, but whose training and life as soldiers and sailors have taught them the value of physical culture and the benefits, both mental and bodily, of athletic pursuits. Nor must we forget the women. Even before the war women were devoting their leisure to sport in rapidly increasing numbers, and it goes almost without saying that in the future the number of women of athletic proclivities will be a good deal more than doubled. And the world of sport will welcome them (metaphorically, of course) with open arms.

LAWN TENNIS

Anthony Wilding, the famous lawn tennis champion, killed early in the War

Full Speed Ahead!

It is, in fact, my firm conviction that Sport will revive, quietly at first, perhaps, but very quickly and that before very long we shall wake up to the fact that it is going to be a more important factor in our lives and in the lives of those who come after us than it ever was before. If it differs in some essential features from Sport as we knew it in 1914, it will differ for the better. There will be more genuine fraternity about it, and the attitude of exclusiveness adopted in many cases by those who regarded themselves as IT in the particular sphere of activity which they adorned, will not be as impressive as it once was. Finally, the balance between those who indulge in sport as a recreation and those who indulge in it as a profession will, I hope, be more easily maintained. I speak feelingly because I happen to belong to both classes.

H. S. S.

FOOTBALL

Lieut. J. G. Will (Cambridge and England), killed in action

CRICKET

Major Schwartz, famous both as a cricketer and Rugby footballer, died in France

POLO

Capt. F. Grenfell, V.C., who, with his brother, R. Grenfell, was famous as a polo player. Both were killed in action

CRICKET

K. L. Hutchings, the England and Kent amateur, killed in action

HOCKEY

Capt. W. H. R. Hinde (Oxford Half-Blue), killed in action

LAWN TENNIS

Lieut. R. B. Powell, the well-known lawn tennis player, killed in action

"The Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

With our issue of August 11, 1915, we presented a map showing the war area of Europe, and offered a prize of £50 for the nearest forecast of the positions of the belligerent armies at the declaration of the armistice and the date of signing that agreement. The hundreds of forecasts sent are being examined as rapidly as possible, and the award will be announced at the earliest possible moment.

LOST TO SPORT: FAMOUS SPORTSMEN KILLED IN THE WAR

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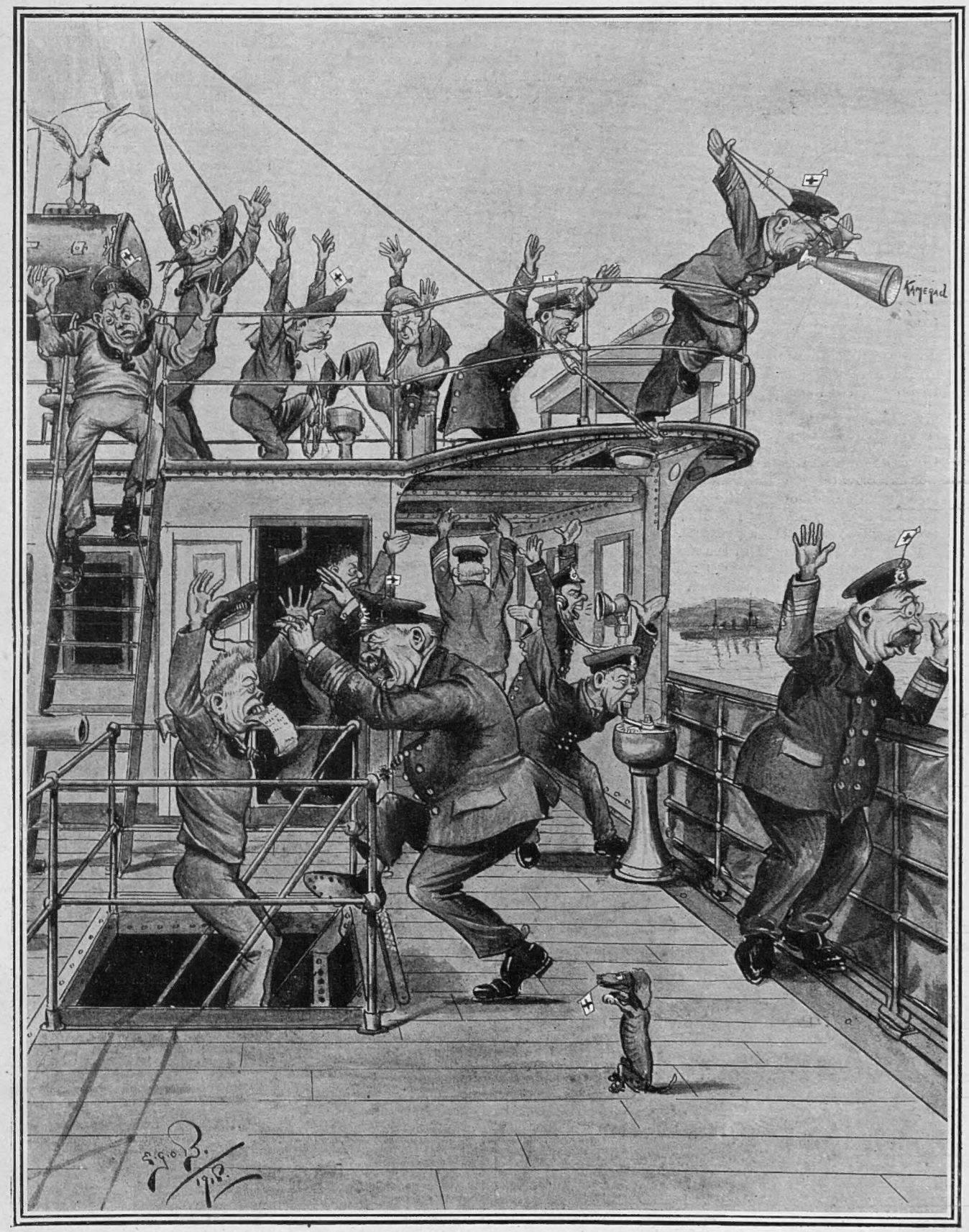
The Prevailing Epidemic



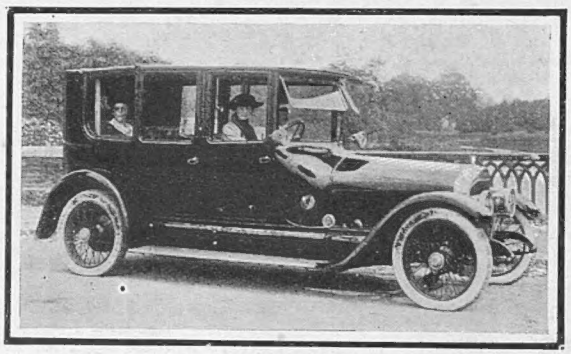
THE SPIRIT OF SURRENDER WEEK ON BOARD A GERMAN CRUISER

A Motor Note

IN perusing a record of the excess taxes paid by a number of leading Italian firms to that Government's treasury, I notice that for the year 1916 the Fiat Motor Company of Turin, cashed up £860,000,, or, to be accurate, 21,559,910 liras. This is the last year for which statistics are available, and the amount is the record for that country, the total extra profit being a sum of £1,870,000, so the shareholders seem to have netted a clear million—some profit out of a total capital of £2,000,000. Since that date the capital has been increased two-fold and stands at four million pounds sterling. I now fully understand why quite a number of British business houses are contemplating making motor vehicles as a post-war job after munitions, although they had never tried this line of commerce before.

* * *

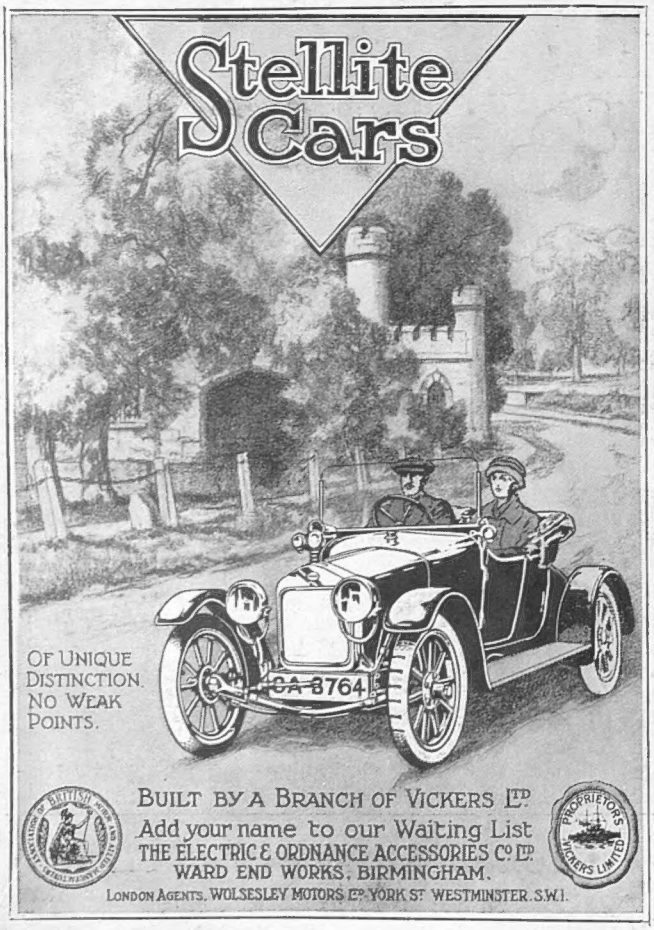
MEANWHILE, one would ask what is going to become of all the Government aircraft? I ask this question as if private ownership of air motors is going to be permitted, quite a number of these machines should find ready purchasers at a reasonable price. In the early days of the motor car it was the sportsmen who maintained that industry, and enabled it to struggle through its difficulties. I fancy that the aeroplane manufacturers will also have to look for support from the same fraternity, and air races, aerial sports, and gymkhanas aloft will be the order of the day in 1919-1920, all of which will give the designers and builders of air-motors an incentive to improve their wares and add to their more popular use.



NAPIER 30-55 H.P. CAR.
Popular with lady motorists. D. Napier and Son, London, W.

* * *

AFTER December 1, all those smugglers of petrol who have cacheted their supplies in spots undiscovered by the Petrol Controller will be able to use same (*vide* the Automobile Association's circular), provided they can satisfactorily explain how they became possessed of such supplies, whether they hold petrol licences or not. This fuel may be used in their motor vehicles of any type for all purposes within a radius of thirty miles of the place of residence or business, provided the Petrol Control Department is satisfied with such explanations of possession as may be given. A special petrol licence will then be issued to cover same. I should like to see some of the "explanations" from certain individuals whose "buried treasure" is to be unearthed. Spirit stories as recorded by the psychological research will be poor to them. OLD HY.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

C.A.V. LIGHTING AND STARTING—Simple Safe and Certain. The lamps that light up all the road. The starter with power behind it.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.